



Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 18. No. 6. August, 1945.



AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB



RED CROSS RACE MEETING

TO BE HELD ON RANDWICK RACECOURSE.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25th, 1945

PROGRAMME

THE THREE-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £9 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 12.30 p.m. on Thursday, 23rd August; with £800 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. For three-year-olds at time of starting. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. One Mile.

THE HOBARTVILLE STAKES.

(For Three-Year-Olds.)

A Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 12.30 p.m. on Thursday, 23rd August; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. For three-year-olds at time of starting. Colts and Geldings, 8st. 10lb.; Fillies, 8st. 5lb. Seven Furlongs.

THE WARWICK STAKES.

(Weight-for-Age with Allowances.)

A Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 12.30 p.m. on Thursday, 23rd August; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. Horses which at time of starting

have not won a race of the value to the winner of £750 allowed 7lb.; of £1,000, allowed 5lb. Maidens at time of starting allowed: Three-year-olds, 10lb.; four-year-olds, 14lb.; five-year-olds and upwards, 21lb. Seven Furlongs.

THE CAMPBELLTOWN HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 12.30 p.m. on Thursday, 23rd August; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. Six Furlongs.

THE PRINCE RICHARD BIRTHDAY CUP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 12.30 p.m. on Thursday, 23rd August; with £1,000 added, and a Silver Cup valued at £40, the gift of their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. One Mile and a Half.

THE GLENLEE HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £9 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 12.30 p.m. on Thursday, 23rd August; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. 7lb. One Mile.

CONDITIONS.

ENTRIES.—The Entries for the above races are to be made with the Joint Hon. Secretaries at the A.J.C. Office, Sydney; the Secretaries of the V.R.C., Melbourne; Q.T.C., Brisbane; or N.J.C., Newcastle, before 3 o'clock p.m. on Monday, 13th August. The first forfeit of £1 must accompany each entry. If entries are made by telegram the amount of forfeit must also be telegraphed.

WEIGHTS.—Weights to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 20th August, or such other time as the Committee may appoint. **ACCEPTANCES.**—Acceptances are due at the A.J.C. Office, Sydney, only at 12.30 p.m. on Thursday, 23rd August.

Owners of horses not scratched before that time become liable for the balance of the Sweepstakes. No race will be divided.

PENALTIES.—In all flat races (The Hobartville Stakes and the Warwick Stakes excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb. The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower-weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such race without a division; Special Weight Races excepted.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot. The forfeits paid for horses rejected to be refunded as provided in A.J.C. Rule 50 of Racing. In the case of horses engaged in more than one race on the same day, when such races are affected by the condition of the elimination, a horse if an acceptor for more than one race, shall be permitted to start in one race only. The qualification to start to be determined in the order of the races on the advertised programme. The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distance advertised. with any of the above Races, should the conditions existing and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should warrant it, to reduce the amount of the prize money, forfeits and Rules of Racing, By-laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.



Established 14th May,
1858.

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T. T. MANNING

A REVIEWER of sport, as related to field games, said recently that far too many persons were spectators in proportion to players. For some time that aspect has been worrying those who think of sport in terms of physical exercise more than as a medium of lung expansion.

It may be good to see vast numbers "rocking the stand," but it might be more to the advantage of people generally and the country if members of the younger generation took their stand on the field.

It isn't necessary to be a player to qualify as a sportsman. It is a fact, however, that sportsmanship, in the broader sense, is developed by playing games rather than by watching games being played.

Generally, playing the game in more than the ethical conception provides the constituents of good sportsmanship, for the men on the field are brought more directly under the influence of non-partisanship. They have no place in a team, usually, if they cannot give knocks sportingly and accept knocks cheerfully. They cannot squeal with credit to themselves and without involving their team in discredit.

Some are not fitted physically to play sport; others are handicapped temperamentally; that is to say, they have not the frame, the knack, or the mental equilibrium. Others are well equipped with those attributes, but remain on-lookers.

"The onlooker sees most of the game," but doesn't necessarily gain most from the game in its rewards—comradeship, discipline and, in due course, the best of abiding memories, as well as sundry noble scars.

The Club Man's Diary

BIRTHDAYS

AUGUST:

1st S. J. Fox	19th A. F. Gay
7th A. T. Selman	20th H. H. McIntosh
8th G. Keighery	25th Hon. A. Mair
14th E. K. White	26th P. H. Goldstein
S. Biber	30th E. Hunter Bow-
18th Professor J. D. Stewart	man.
	31st E. Sodersteen

SEPTEMBER:

1st Percy Smith	17th S. E. Chatterton
2nd P. M. King	H. V. S. Kirby
3rd Geo. T. Rowe	19th C. H. Dodds
R. Quinnell	20th C. Graves
7th R. A. Dunstan	21st Mark Barnett
8th W. S. E. Parsons	22nd John Hickney
J. J. Crennan	23rd Rex Cullen-
9th E. A. Box	Ward
13th A. O. Romano	24th Sir Samuel Her-
15th John Wyatt	dern, K.B.E.
F. Gawler	26th W. Longworth
S. N. West	P. Pilcher
W. Ditfort	27th J. S. Irwin
C. H. D. Scout-	28th E. A. Nettlefold
gall	30th A. L. Brown
	H. D. McRae
	W. H. Sellen

Lieut.-Col E. T. Penfold and Dr. Donald Finlay have gone overseas in association with U.N.R.R.A., bearing the good wishes of their many friends.

On September 20 a Carnival night will be held in this club in aid of the U.N.R.R.A. clothing appeal, the War Veterans' Homes, Anti-T.B. Appeal, and the Chinese Comforts Fund. Make a note of the date—now.

Another date to note is the Red Cross race meeting on August 25. Joint Hon. Secretaries, as heretofore, are the Secretary of the A.J.C. (Mr. Rowe) and the Secretary of Tattersall's Club (Mr. Manning).

Popular Jim Portus has retired from the oil industry after 21 years' service and is now a Lloyd's broker, air-travel insurance his speciality.

Theo Tartakover, a great swimmer of the early 1900's died at Manly on July 16. He will be remembered for his sportsmanship as well as his accomplishments.

It is said that the first ten years are the worst; for all that, when Mr. C. H. Dodds celebrated at a family party in this club on July 24 the 25th anniversary of his wedding, he was ready to acknowledge that he would like to live every year and all the years over again with the same girl. Most

men, married 25 years, share those sentiments, and congratulate Mr. Dodds on being one of the happy company.

It will be a great day when American and British horses compete against ours at Randwick. Australian sportsmen who have travelled say that there are owners in both countries who might reasonably be counted on to transport their horses here if and when the right approach be made in good time. Transport of horses by air will be commonplace after the war.

I suppose the public is interested in the observations of American Servicemen as to who among the world's women are the best kissers—as cabled recently. Anyhow, publication of this inconsequential pronouncement betrayed the craving of the world of men and women for an escape from the high thinking, the heartburning, and the sorry chronicle of sacrifice. Despair demands distraction as an antidote. The comedian who said he would make the troops happy by making them cry as they listened to his singing of old songs, was a shrewd student of human values.

"Morale" is a much-abused term, and there is no doubt that an acknowledged factor in stimulating the "will to win" has been put to base uses frequently on the home front. For all that, one of the great discoveries of this war has been the value of entertainment. As the body must be rested, so must the mind be relieved, among the combatants. Likewise, on the home front, the great mass of the people must have an interest apart from the preoccupation of war—hence, the encouragement of sport in all its departments.

War knocks people off their balance, and not only the combatants. "Post-war reconstruction"—that blessed term—means more than the re-establishment of trade and commerce among the nations; more than the diplomats and the economists may contrive. The way must be made for people to return to their habitual recreations as opportunity

allows; for a great deal will depend on the mood of the people, if they are to accommodate themselves to the new formulas.

The political passing of the great Churchill was an event of historic consequence, and another reminder of the impermanence of personalities, institutions and systems. Time gets them all, not necessarily because they fail, but because their time is up. The conditions which created them have spent themselves; the task allotted them by fortune or fate has been fulfilled. They had so much to do and—next please! It has happened before in history, many times, and it will happen again.

Even Churchill, who seemed occasionally to rise above human limitations, could not contend against mutability, and he knew it was futile to utter a despairing yell. England will still answer the helm under pressure of the events of its destiny, and continue to provide the man for the crisis. "Things will never be the same in England"—but England won't have that on her own. A cycle is terminating convulsively.

A wedding has taken place on Okinawa, under U.S. auspices, of a Jap officer and a Jap nurse flushed out of a cave by a mop-up squad using hand grenades. Was this wedding a piece of inexcusable American sentimentality, or was it good propaganda to counteract the Jap stories that Americans torture and kill prisoners? (asks the New York "Daily News.") Anyway, we hope it will make an honest nurse out of the gal.

Although in the game of football the backs are the "personality men," and score more tries than forwards because of their individual brilliance, their greater opportunities, and the strategy of "playing to the backs," I have always held that the forwards are the real match-winners. If they wilt at any stage of the game, defeat threatens. They are the vanguard, with all that the term implies in cohesion and combativeness.

My argument with League followers is that their code is sacrificing too much to speed, so called, with shiners prevailing instead of ruckers. We saw what happened against England during the latest series of Tests. Against Queensland, at Brisbane recently, when the Maroon pack outrucked their opponents, N.S.W. scored only one try more than Qld.; and, even then, might have been beaten had the Qld. kicker been in reasonably good form. As I wrote previously, when the forwards elect to play as backs, the backs, perforce, must play as forwards—and that doesn't win Test matches.

* * *

Dr. Joseph Wirth, former German Chancellor, is one of the sponsors of a new organisation, formed by Germans in Switzerland, called "The Democratic Germany."—Wirth's circus.

* * *

HOW A DERBY WAS RUN— AND WON

Derbies may come and Derbies may go, but so long as Randwick is Randwick there is never likely to be another finish to a classic at headquarters such as that which was witnessed in the Blue Riband of 1924.

On that occasion, three of the mightiest colts ever to grace the turf, Heroic, Nigger Minstrel and Spearfelt, staged an epic that is vivid in the memory of anybody lucky enough to have seen it.

Immediately after, and right down the years the pocket-handkerchief finish was the cause of many heated arguments as to how and why the beaten pair, Nigger Minstrel and Spearfelt should have won but few, if any, will deny that Heroic's victory was deserved even more so in fact than any of his 21 victories which netted him £38,062 10s.

When the colts paraded, Nigger Minstrel was the first into the saddling yard and he looked the picture of a thoroughbred, but he was sweating between the thighs and showed signs of the stoppage in his preparation.

Spearfelt was very nervous and broke out in a lather of sweat, but Heroic was as cool and confident as though out for only afternoon exercise. He walked around the ring without the slightest sign of nervousness.

What sort of a constitution (thought the onlookers) must this chestnut possess to have stood all the battling that was served out to him as a two-year-old and still face up as a three-year-old in such rare fettle?

Heroic's crankiness at the barrier (it should have been realised even then) was not due to funk, but to a touch of wilfulness, and, once started he was the

easiest horse in the world to ride.

At the barrier Heroic was on the outside and reared up in the air. As he walked back toward the others, the late Hughie Cairns headed him towards the rails and the tapes rose as he was backing up.

The walk-up start did not benefit him much for, just as he looked likely to get a nice break on them, Solidify and Nigger Minstrel collided and Cairns had to pull Heroic back.

If ever a horse looked a certainty to steal a race, Sir Dighlock looked it that day. He drew out to a six lengths lead at the first turn and had increased it to 15 lengths at the six.

It was then that Heroic showed what a really great colt he was. Doing all the donkey-work he went after Sir Dighlock and made all the pace for the field.

Meanwhile Nigger Minstrel (R. Reed) and Spearfelt (J. Brace) had benefited by Heroic's pace-making and they were

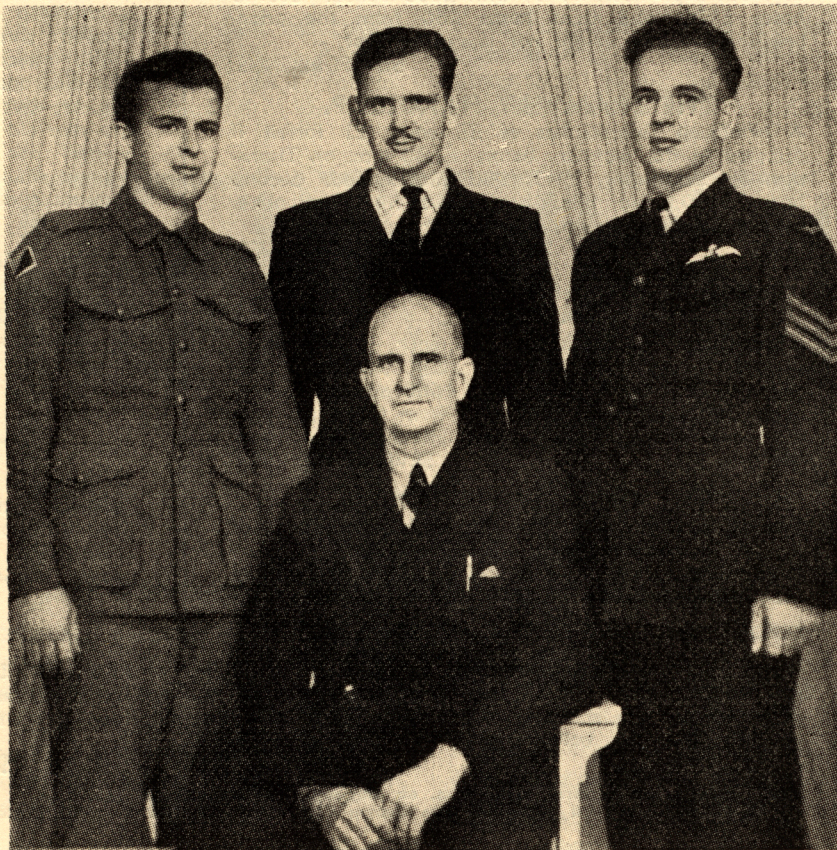
close on his heels at the Leger. Having the last run at him it looked as though one or the other would beat him in the home run.

Nigger Minstrel drew level with Heroic at the Leger with Spearfelt coming fast on the outside. Out came the whips and the three great colts settled down for a bitter battle to the post.

Under whip and spur, Heroic answered with unflinching gameness, and while the packed stands yelled their encouragement he unwound a mighty effort in the last 20 yards.

Condition and gameness told and, by the narrowest possible margin, Heroic just beat Nigger Minstrel with Spearfelt a head away third.

Although Spearfelt went on to win nine races and £28,173 in stakes, Nigger Minstrel's career was short both on the turf and at the stud where he sired the Moonee Valley Cup winner Peter Jackson. —Sydney "Truth".



The picture published here tells its own story of the service and the sacrifice of one family—one of the many, we know, but not dwarfed because of that; for it has highlights of heroism which the shadow of death cannot dim or diminish. The gallant sons of club member H. A. Stevenson served because they believed it decent and dutiful, because patriotism represented to them, more than a term or a toast. Those in the picture (left to right) are: Gunner C. W. Stevenson, Air Gunner-Observer J. A. Stevenson, Sgt.-Pilot Frank Stevenson. In front: Mr. H. A. Stevenson (Frank was killed in action while flying a Kittyhawk over Casino (Italy) on May 25, 1944. J.A. has been missing since January 22 last, when the Liberator he was flying over Timor failed to return to its base. He was champion heavyweight boxer of the R.A.A.F. in Qld. for two years. C.W. was in the landing at Balikpapan, and is still in the tough stuff; this boy's homecoming in good time is the due of his parents who have borne their crosses with a gallantry unsung, but not unremembered by those who know and admire them.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

SEPTEMBER RACE MEETING

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th, 1945

THE MAIDEN HANDICAP.

(For Maiden Three-Year-Olds at time of starting)
A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12.30 p.m., on Thursday, 6th September, 1945; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. Lowest Handicap weight not less than 7 st.

SIX FURLONGS.

THE TRAMWAY HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12.30 p.m. on Thursday, 6th September, 1945; with £800 added. Second horse £160, and third horse £80 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st.

SEVEN FURLONGS.

THE THREE AND FOUR-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12.30 p.m. on Thursday, 6th September, 1945; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. For three and four-year-olds. Lowest Handicap weight not less than 7st.

SEVEN FURLONGS.

THE CHELMSFORD STAKES.

(Weight-for-age, with Penalties and Allowances, for horses three-years-old and upwards.)

A Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12.30 p.m. on Thursday, 6th

September, 1945; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. Horses that have won a weight-for-age or special weight race exceeding £500 in value to the winner to carry 7lb. extra. Horses not having, at time of starting, won a handicap exceeding £300 in value to the winner allowed: three years, 7lb.; four years and upwards, 14lb.; maiden three-year-olds, 10lb.; maiden four-year-olds and upwards, 20lb. Winners of weight-for-age or special weight races (except special weight two-year-old races not exceeding £300 in value to the winner) not entitled to any allowance. Owners and trainers must declare penalties incurred and claim allowances due at date when making entries.

ONE MILE AND A FURLONG.

THE SPRING HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12.30 p.m. on Thursday, 6th September, 1945; with £800 added. Second horse £160, and third horse £80 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st.

ONE MILE AND THREE FURLONGS.

THE WELTER HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12.30 p.m. on Thursday, 6th September, 1945; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. 7lb.

ONE MILE.

Entries for the above races shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

ENTRIES for the above races are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, or the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle, before 3 p.m. on

MONDAY, AUGUST 27th, 1945.

WEIGHTS to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 3rd September, 1945.

ACCEPTANCES for all races are due before 12.30 p.m. on Thursday, 6th September, 1945, with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only.

PENALTIES.—In all flat races (The Chelmsford Stakes excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such a race without a division. Special Weight Races excepted.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

The forfeits paid for horses rejected to be refunded as provided in A.J.C. Rule 50 of Racing.

In the case of horses engaged in more than one race on the same day, when such races are affected by the condition of elimination, a horse if an acceptor for more than one race shall be permitted to start in one race only. The qualification to start to be determined in the order of the races on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race, and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distances advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above Races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amounts of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

157 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY.

T. T. MANNING, Secretary.

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

Walter Lindrum Gives a Simple Demonstration of the Right and Wrong Shot to Play . . . The Weaknesses Expounded of the Losing Hazard System . . . How Members can Improve their Own Standard at Billiards.

The last contest for the world billiard championship was played in Sydney in 1938 between Walter Lindrum (holder) and Clark McConachy, of New Zealand.

The champion prepared for the fray on our club's match table. He played many sessions each day, and, on occasion, members bombarded him with questions as to why he did so-and-so or played such-and-such a shot when another was the obvious.

Lindrum is never averse to passing on his knowledge of the game. Actually, he considers it a duty and the best possible method whereby he can keep spectators interested.

Writer of this page suggested to the champion that he give a few examples for publication, and one of these is reproduced on this page.

In the diagram on the left the balls are shown with the cue-ball in hand, the red in easy position near the centre pocket, and the object-white hard up against the top cushion and right behind the billiard spot.

Lindrum asks, "What shot would you play?" And the novice, in all innocence, invariably replies, "In off the red!"

That is a trap for young players, according to the champion, who proceeds to demonstrate, as shown in the central diagram.

The three points have been scored, as expected, but glance at the "leave."

Net shot must be a losing hazard from hand which, though a key shot in billiards, and one which should be the basis of all amateur play, is anything but a certainty.

It is full of pitfalls and, even if successfully negotiated, control of the red ball is lost to all but the most expert.

In the third diagram Lindrum shows the correct stroke and its simplicity. He also shows a "leave"

which opens the way to further points and, according to the ability of the player, a decent-sized break.

The Lindrum method is known as "top of the table in one," which is ever the professional's dream.

Amateur's Errors.

Amateurs are inclined to overdo the losing hazard system. Granted it has paid big dividends.

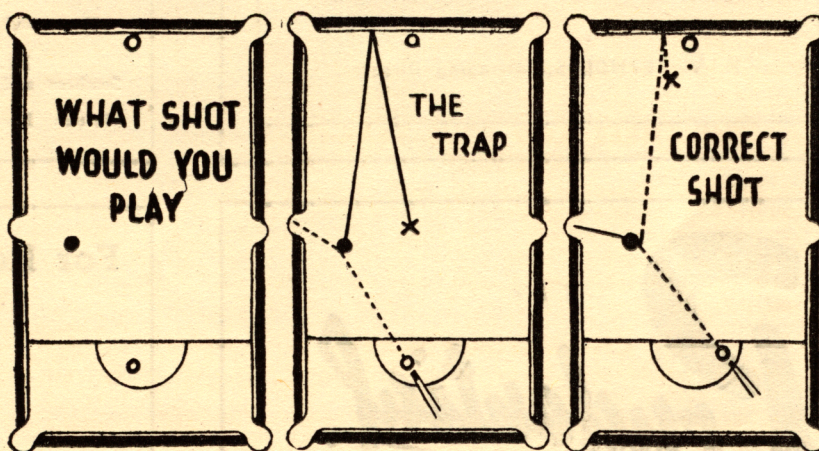
Les Hayes won Australian and Empire titles with it. Bert Sakzewski, of Queensland, also won an Australian title by its use, which brought a 200-break in the final of the 1932

daily visitor to Thurston's (London) to watch Lindrum in all his matches.

The nursery cannons, top-of-the-table play, and fast scoring invented by the champion soon had the best cueists following in his wake.

Joe Davis, Tom Newman, Clark McConachy all gave chase, but none, to date, have been able to catch up with the Victorian.

But, attendances grew and grew. Manufacturers of billiard gear were saying their "Thank you" with handsome cheques because of a revival in



contest decided at the old Elystan Parlours, King Street, in 1932.

George Gray, 30 years back, made four-figure breaks with it, and became hot news in newspaper cable-rooms.

Gray made many records, but, after the first blush of success and novelty, spectators started to stay away from exhibitions in their thousands. Another and unwanted record!

Something had to be done, and Walter Lindrum showed the way.

He, by his improved system, revitalised the game, and once again fans were forced to queue up to gain admission.

Incidentally, our Governor-General, the Duke of Gloucester, was a

trade. And, only because the best at the time was not good enough for Lindrum. He started a new cult among professionals, and the door is open to amateurs.

Bobby Marshall, of Western Australia, and present Empire champion, is a shining example of what can be done by following Walter Lindrum's scheme. Kingsley Kennerley, of England, his nearest rival, is another. No others can get within cooee of the players named. They have learned to avoid the "traps" of the kind as shown. Why should not ambitious members follow in their wake and play the scientific game, with all its profits, instead of the "obvious" with, too frequently, small returns.

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Blue Peter's Stock Flying High

John Loder had an impressive day out with Blue Peter at Lord Rosebery's stud recently. He writes of his experiences in "The Field."

Of course, a young stallion of the great repute which Blue Peter has attained obviously attracts for mating from breeders throughout the country the choicest mares in their studs. So that when you visit at this season of the year a stud farm where there stands a stallion of Blue Peter's prevailing eminence, you expect to be impressed. But rarely shall I or anyone else be privileged to see gathered together in one set of paddocks, a selection of brood mares of such quality and value as those that were shown to me at Mentmore.

Judged by the values obtaining at the last December Sales, the visiting mares alone (numbering upwards of 30) together with their foals, all by eminent stallions, must represent bloodstock to the value of perhaps, half a million pounds sterling. So it can be imagined what is the responsibility which falls upon those who manage this stud and what vigilance they must exercise during the weeks these mares and foals are in their care.

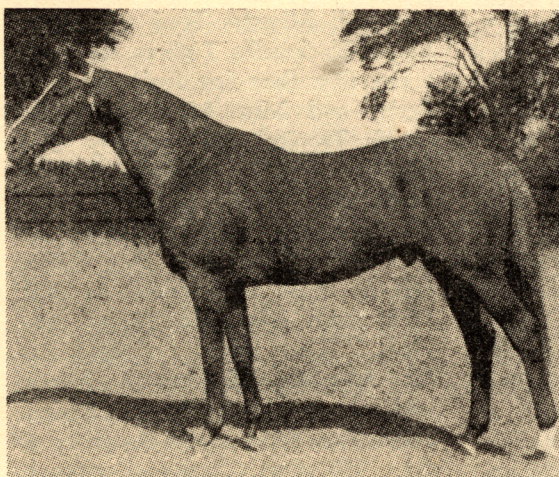
Lord Rosebery's own mares number 18 though, of course, only the few of them are being mated this year with Blue Peter are at present at Mentmore. Afterthought, who ran second to Sun Chariot in the Oaks, is one of the home mares who goes to Blue Peter this year. When I was at Mentmore, Afterthought had only a day or two before produced her first foal—a bay colt and by Blue Peter—and I saw them in a foaling box, for they had not yet been out into the paddock. Another distinguished mare I saw who had recently foaled was Dante's dam, Rosy Legend. The foal was a brown colt by Fair Trial which I expect will come up for sale next year, for Sir Eric Ohlson is breeding mainly for sale, Dante only having been retained because no buyer would give 3,500 gns. when he was offered in 1943. And incidentally there is a yearling brother to Dante probably to come up for sale in September.

Ribbon's High Quality.

The others of Lord Rosebery's mares that I saw there were Jiffy,

Game Chicken and Ribbon. The two former go to Blue Peter this year, but Ribbon goes to Hyperion. Ribbon's stud career will be watched with the greatest interest. But for bad luck in racing, she would most likely be ranked with Sceptre, Pretty Polly and Sun Chariot as the winner of the One Thousand, Oaks and St. Leger. They clearly have a great affection and great expectations for her at Mentmore.

Jiffy, Ocean Swell's dam, is in foal to Blue Peter again and may be put to him again, but more likely she will be rested this year. It will be a prob-



BLUE PETER (*Fairway—Fancy Free*).

lem how to dispose effectively with 60 visiting mares (40 to Blue Peter and 20 for a first season to Ocean Swell). So much of the stud paddocks have had to be sacrificed to the plough and the difficulties which these ploughing up orders present to stud-masters are not easily overcome.

It will take years for pastures to be reseeded again, and brought to the pitch of perfection which the Mentmore paddocks are in. Not only have most of the paddocks at present being used at Mentmore never been ploughed since anyone can remember, but there is one large paddock which has been grazed regularly for 100 years and never even allowed to go to hay. The apostles of the plough would be horrified at this. But there can scarcely be anything at fault in

the quality of pastures that have produced six Derby winners in 70 years—Favonius, Ladas, Sir Visto, Cicero, Blue Peter and Ocean Swell—not to mention a regular succession of winners of the other classic and near-classic races.

Bred in the Purple.

Game Chicken is a half-sister to the 1934 City and Suburban winner, Light Sussex. She is a comparatively recent acquisition to Lord Rosebery's stud, and was bought to introduce at Mentmore the successful tail-female line of the Admiration branch of the No. 14 family, from which came Pretty Polly, Craganour, Fearless Fox, Colorado Kid, and, most recently Tehran. Game Chicken this year has a March foal by Owen Tudor.

Besides Game Chicken, Afterthought and Jiffy, Lord Rosebery plans matings with Blue Peter this year for Gloss and Star of England. These latter two mares for some reason I did not see when I was at Mentmore. Gloss was bought at the dispersal of Mr. Anthony de Rothschild's stud in December. She reintroduces to Mentmore the successful female line of the Agnes branch of the No. 16 family. Star of England was acquired at the dispersal of the late Lord Glaneley's stud. She is a half-sister to Rose of England and a full sister to Winterhalter, the 1941 Coronation Cup winner.

Lord Rosebery has two nominations to Hyperion; so besides Ribbon, Aphrodisia (dam of Roadhouse) visits Lord Derby's horse, to whom she was unfortunately barren this year. She has a yearling colt by Hyperion to go into training at the end of the year.

The stallions favoured by Lord Rosebery for the remainder of the mares are Umidwar, Mieuxe, Donatello II, Big Game, His Highness, Bois Roussel and Watling Street. Fireplace and Flapper (dams respectively of the present three-year-olds

Blue Smoke and Hobo) go to Big Game, and the National Stud in return has two nominations to Blue Peter; Myrobella (Big Game's dam) and Sunblind.

Let me tell you the story of the Bedouin chief who told the young men of his tribe: "There are three good reasons for smoking: First, if you smoke enough tobacco, you smell so strong the dogs will never bite you. Second, if you smoke long enough, you will develop lung trouble which will make you cough even when you sleep. Robbers, hearing you cough, will think you are awake, and so will not try to steal your belongings. Third, if you smoke as much as you can, you will have many diseases, and will die young."

Names From History.

Donatello II., Lord Rosebery also favours to the extent of two nominations, one of the Mentmore mares that goes to him being Ocean Swell's three parts sister, Speedy Mr. Esmond, who originally brought Donatello here from Italy, has sent Mistress Ford to Blue Peter, and I saw her with a bay colt by Fairway. Donatello is a syndicate owned stallion now.

A fourth stallion, favoured to the extent of two nominations, is Mieuxce, to whom go Ribbon's half-sister, Bonnet, and Eight Bells, who is a three-year-old daughter of Blue Peter. Mieuxce stands at Sir Victor Sassoon's stud at Newmarket, and he reciprocates to Blue Peter with Private Entree, a grey mare, twelve-years-old, by Prestissimo. Treble Crown at Pontefract last month was the first winner she has bred. She has a colt by Mieuxce this year, and the day I was at Mentmore was sharing a paddock with Solar Flower (Rockfel's great rival in 1938) and her colt foal by Windsor Slipper, and also with Charwoman and her chestnut colt foal by Blue Peter.

Most of the other mares with older foals were all turned out together in one large paddock on the south side of the stud farm buildings. These buildings stand high on a ridge. It was on one of those magnificent days that I went to Ment-

more, and from the terrace fronting the stud buildings, I looked down across the vale of Aylesbury with the line of the Chilterns rising up beyond to give the perfect backcloth to the "finest view in England." There in the foreground of the picture were a dozen or fifteen mares and their foals, some browsing quietly alongside their dams, a few already feeling the instinct to race, and one or two little beggars lying stretched on the warm grass quite tired out with their first efforts at being racehorses.

Blue Peter at Nine Years

As memory serves me in this large paddock were Game Chicken and her foal, Mistress Ford and her's, Major Blackwell's Tinkers Firs with a bay filly (her first foal), by Blue Peter, and Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan's Tropical Sun similarly with her first foal, a chestnut colt by Blue Peter. They have no objection to maiden mares at Mentmore; it is the old harridans they dislike and no mare is accepted to Blue Peter who has been barren two years. Then, going on there was Sir Malcolm McAlpine's Solesa, with a brown colt by Scottish Union. Solesa is a five-year-old daughter of the 1935 One Thousand winner, Mesa. In 1941 Mesa died after foaling the colt, Rameses. She had that year been nominated to go to Blue Peter but, when she died, Birth Royal was sent instead, and in 1942 foaled the colt Concentration.

As we made our way on steadily round this large paddock, we saw Mr. Barnett's Miss Scrope, with her chestnut son by Trigo, brother to Kerry Piper, Mr. H. J. Joel's Glorioso with a bay filly by Bois Roussel, and Sir John Jarvis' Amidwar, with a bay colt by Admiral's Walk (Sir John's horse had had his first winner, Proteus, at Pontefract a day or two before). Then we came to Lord Sef-ton's Theia, with a chestnut filly by Blue Peter to Major Montagu's King's Cross, with a chestnut colt by Fair Trial, then to Mr. A. F. Bassett's, Rosewarne with a bay colt by Orthodox. And, lastly, we came to Lady Yule's Firefall, with a

bay colt by Blue Peter, and to Mr. J. L. Jarvis's Sunday School, with a bay filly by Blue Peter.

Walking back to the stud buildings, we went round the smaller paddock to have a look at the Aga Khan's Queen of Shiraz (Irish Oaks winner, 1940) and Mr. Martin Benson's, Lady Madcap, who bred that useful staying handicapper, Mad Carew. These two mares had not yet foaled, and were sharing the paddock with Ribbon. As it is her first, Ribbon is having her foal at home before being sent to Lord Derby's Plantation Stud at Newmarket, where Hyperion stands.

Then as the climax of the visit, we were shown into the sanctum sanctorum—Blue Peter's box. And there we stood looking at the most magnificent thoroughbred horse in England. He is nine years old now—in the prime of his vigour as a stallion and one can see it, too. Blue Peter is a wonderfully fit horse today; there is not even the suspicion about him of the coarseness or grossness into which a stallion sometimes falls. There is no need for me to sing his praises.



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Sport News from Round the World

Off to a Flying Start.

Celebration of V-E Day hardly had settled down before racing executives began to plan for the future in England.

No hope of any extension was expressed before August, but the beyond promises well.

During the war years racing was zoned and restricted to few courses. If it has not been possible to introduce better conditions, some revolutionary innovations have either been introduced or planned which will make for a greater degree of comfort and better racing conditions than ever before.

Briefly, here are some reforms, either promised or executed:—

Plans for the improvement of all public accommodation on the race-courses of to-morrow have been put in hand.

Better management is guaranteed by the recent proposal to license race-course managers for each course.

Steps have been taken to secure Jockey Club management of certain courses after the war.

Important reforms have been introduced regarding the regulations applying to apprentices.

A recent resolution has been passed that no horse shall run unnamed.

Gelding allowances have been abolished.

Prize-money for placed horses has been substantially increased.

Nominations for future races may now be made by approved stud companies.

Blood Tells Everywhere.

New Zealanders have been so inclined to emphasise the quality of Dominion-bred horses that research by a New Zealander into the influence of Australian-bred horses somewhat reverses the process.

He finds that right back through the years the Australian infusion has been helpful in New Zealand.

Fifty years ago Dreadnought, a Victoria Derby winner, and son of Chester, made a name for himself, and he was followed by two Bill of Portland horses in Merriwee and Finland, Merriwee being the sire of

Aborigine who came back to Australia to win the Caulfield Cup.

In more recent years Vaals, who did yeoman service on the turf for the late Mr. Ned Moss, commenced his stud career in New Zealand. His stock have been particularly successful, Cheval de Volee having won two Auckland Cups.

The Camera Does Lie.

Stewards of the Jockey Club in England are determined to investigate the possibilities of the usage of the camera, as on and to the judge in close finishes.

But they realise that the matter is no easy one.

In outlining their general considerations the committee states:—

"We are conscious that there is a widespread demand among the race-going public for the use of the camera in judging.

"We have acted on the assumption that it would be undesirable to invite public confidence in any method of photography unless the club was itself satisfied that the method chosen is both accurate and dependable for its purpose in all reasonably foreseeable circumstances. This cannot be ascertained without scientifically controlled experiment.

"It is easily deducible that the problem is full of technical complexities. The data already available explode the once popular belief that 'the camera cannot lie.' The camera certainly can lie, and perhaps most easily in assessing the order of arrival in a race; it has indeed been ascertained that fixed and aligned motion picture cameras on either side of the course do not necessarily show the same result of a close finish.

"Thus, it is by no means an axiomatic assumption that all that is required to ensure that correct decisions are made in every race is that the Jockey Club should order the finish of all races to be photographed.

"Our investigations have therefore been concentrated on the search for a method and a mechanism of photography which will not lie. In making our recommendations we owe this care, not only to the club, but also to a sport-loving and good-tempered

public, which has the longest tradition of any in the world of the racing of thoroughbred horses, which has at all times willingly accepted the authority of the Club."

Record Prices Recalled.

The death has been reported from New York of Mr. Edward Esmond, at the age of 71. He was a well-known owner and breeder of race-horses in England, France and India.

Mr. Esmond spent money lavishly on bloodstock. In 1925 he paid for Straitlace the record sum of 17,000 guineas for a brood mare sold at public auction. He bought the Italian champion Donatello II. in 1937 for £45,000.

The Derby colt Rio Largo, winner of two races this season, was bred by Mr. Esmond.

Mr. Esmond's most important successes in England were with Foxhunter and Sans Peine. Foxhunter won the Ascot Gold Cup and Doncaster Cup and Sans Peine the Goodwood Cup.

In 1939 he was second in the Derby with Fox Cub and second in the Oaks with White Fox.

He won the Lincolnshire Handicap with Phakos in 1938 and the Cesarewitch with Hunters Moon IV in 1940.

Mr. Esmond won the French Der-

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REGRETS



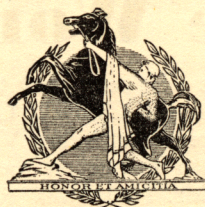
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TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY

NEWS

Over the lines of communication goes the message :

"NEXT BIG NIGHT AT THE CLUB Thursday, Sept. 20th"

And what a night it will be for clients, customers and patrons ! For it is publicly and privately promised that Members and Ladies who congregate at the well-known rendezvous will be fascinated by the accumulative possibilities provided for their entertainment.

There will be no appearance money, but jolly good fellows will be there to offer you opportunities to win, lose or draw in true Carnival Spirit. And it shouldn't need much effort for you to be politely persuasive in your endeavours to get all the ladies along to help benefit the " Big Four " chosen for this special occasion.

U.N.R.R.A. Chinese Comforts Fund The War Veterans' Appeal Anti-T.B. Appeal

Mysterious providence will provide providore in plenty for this night of gladness.

*The moving finger writes :
"Go to Town on Thursday,
September 20th, 1945."
Hour of destiny—7.30 p.m.*

Yours sincerely,

T. T. MANNING,

Secretary.

by with Hotweed and Pearlweed. Hotweed also won the Grand Prix de Paris.

Pearl Cap, whom he presented to his daughter Diana, the well-known golfer, won the French One Thousand Guineas and Oaks.

Jockey Club to Handle Publicity.

As part of the rehabilitation of racing the Jockey Club in England has decided to appoint a public relations officer.

Apparently the idea is to see that racing obtains its full measure of helpful publicity and adequate answers supplied even for helpful critics.

It is unnecessary to add that racing in England hardly receives a press barrage equal to that in Australia.

In conjunction with the Racecourse Betting Control Board (which manages the totalisators) the stewards have appointed Mr. J. H. Freeman as public relations officer, commencing his duties on October 1.

Mr. Freeman has been for 18 years sporting editor of the "Daily Mail."

Racing Curtain Rises in Paris.

W. R. (Togo) Johnstone was one of the few British jockeys who resumed riding when racing began again at Longchamp last month.

In spite of transport difficulties immense crowds managed to reach the racecourse, apparently enjoying the long walk across the Bois de Boulogne.

Longchamp is no longer the ultra-fashionable, for the entrance fee to

the best enclosure does not cost more than a cheap restaurant meal. Therefore the thousands of visitors included cyclists who in peace time might have been refused admission.

There were many new names among the owners, but the unchallenged king of French racing is Marcel Boussac, who is also well known in England. His trainer is the former champion jockey, Semblat.

Most of the former leading jockeys, including Bouillon, Duforez, Brethes, Dupuit, are still riding, but are outshone because of the many new "stars" among the former apprentices.

Only a few British jockeys, who were interned in France, are riding again, including W. Johnstone, also the lightweights, J. Foot and A. Tucker.

The chief event, the Prix Nabob, of £2,000, was won by Marcel Boussac's Arden, who was the popular choice at 10 to 6 on. Arden won by three lengths from M. Couturie's Galene.

From Refugees to All Sports.

One of the familiar sights in Wembley during the war has been the crowds of dark-skinned women and even darker-skinned children crowding the shops and using a patois blend of English and Spanish, with the children more fluent than their parents, states "Sporting Life."

These were the Gibraltese who have been quartered in the Empire

Pool since the early days of the war.

Now they have gone, and in the former home of ice hockey, boxing, swimming, tennis, six-day cycle racing and any other indoor sport which the fertile brains of Mr. Arthur Elvin, M.B.E., and his Press chief, Harold David, could offer to the sporting public, are squads of bomb-damage men.

We may not, however, have to wait long before crowds are streaming into the Pool again.

Americans Discover Pharis.

Stated to be in excellent condition, the famous French stallion Pharis, by Pharos out of Carissima, by Clarissimus, has been liberated.

He is now at the stud of his owner, M. Marcel Boussac, in Paris, states Reuter's correspondent.

Stolen by the Germans in 1940 the whereabouts of Pharis was surrounded with secrecy until he was found by troops of the American Third Army in the breeding establishment at Ardefeld.

It seems certain that the Germans have bred from Pharis considerably during the last five years.

Bred by his owner and trained by Swann at Chantilly, Pharis was unbeaten, and after winning the Prix Noailles, Prix du Jockey Club and Grand Prix de Paris, was fancied to beat Blue Peter in the 1939 St. Leger, which was abandoned owing to war.



Going Grey?

Sydney Hairdresser reveals simple home remedy to darken grey hair

Mr. Len. Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement: "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add a box of ORLEX COMPOUND and a little perfume. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

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One sip of Buckley's Canadiol Mixture (triple acting) and the ordinary cough is eased... a few doses and that tough old hang-on cough is silenced. Buckley's is the largest selling cough remedy in blizzardily cold Canada, where lives depend on stopping a cold quick.

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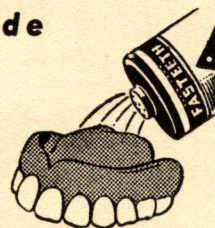
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RURAL MEMBERS

C. H. J. Schmidt, of "Mirridong," Borenore.

The squire of "Mirridong" might well boast about his ten thousand acres or so, which is one of the nicest bits of real estate in the Orange district.

Keen judges class it unhesitatingly as "extra good," and one does not need to be a full-grown pastoralist to concur.

"C.H.J." takes great pains to always keep it up to the mark. And he knows how.

Before coming to New South Wales, he made a name for himself as the owner of several high-class properties in the Cunnamulla District (Queensland). Our subject is also famed as a judge of horseflesh, and has specialised in thoroughbreds.

One glance at, say, his prads Royal Peer and Regal Step, is sufficient to certify the correctness of our statement.

We are fortunate in that "C.H.J." peregrinations call for frequent visits to Sydney and, ipso facto, our Club. Thus do we manage to rub shoulders with a stalwart in our primary industries and a great companion to boot.

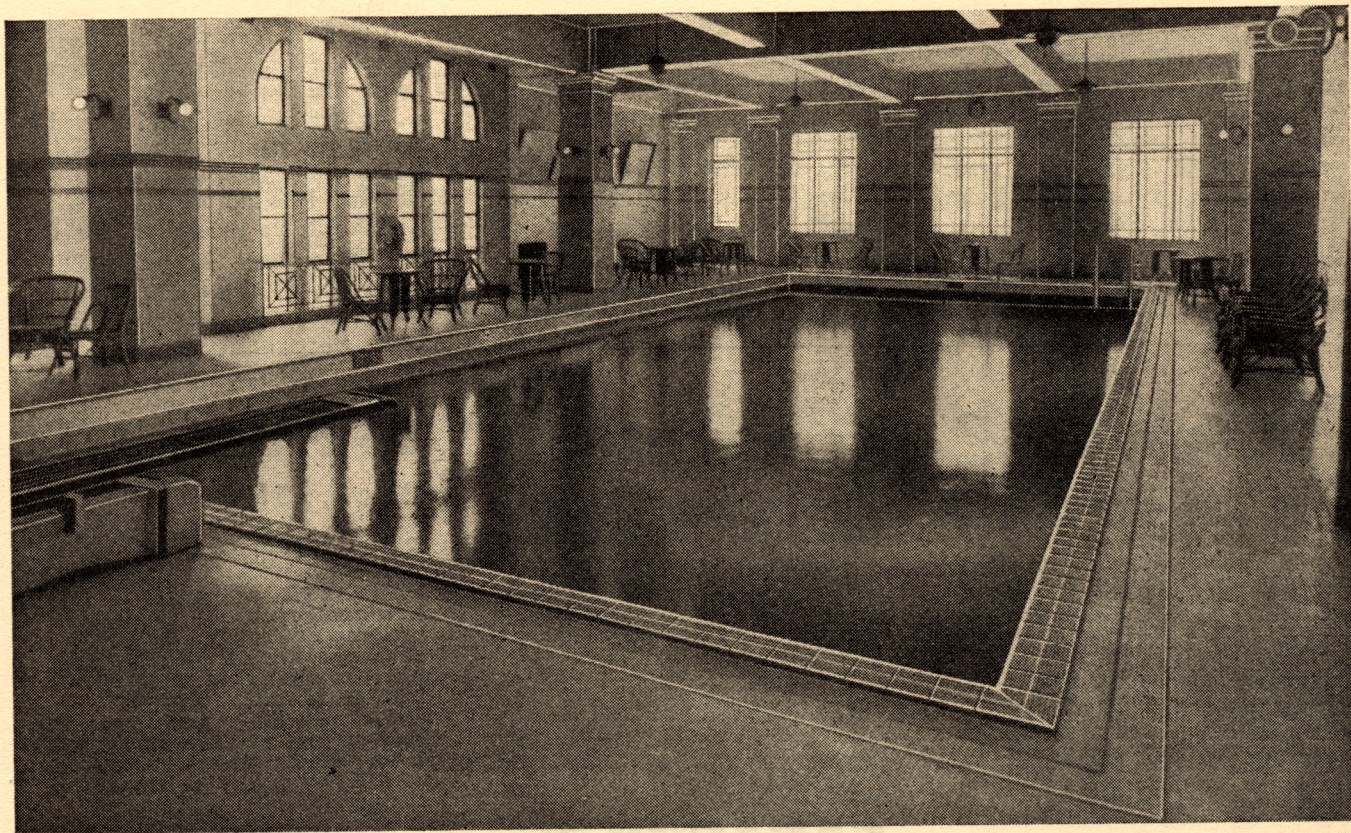
A. J. Gilder, of Pierce Feld, Muswellbrook.

A. J. Gilder "Al." to close associates is a big Australian viewed from any angle. His stature runs in unison with his ideas. Having built up a high reputation as a grazier, Al. and his brother started to breed horses in a big way and soon found the India market wide open for business. They built a solid goodwill

which has lasted through the years and shows no tendency of abating.

Although Al. is known as the owner of Pierce Field that is not quite right. Recently he sold the property and is now living at Murrumbidgee in the Bylong Valley. But his erstwhile address was given in the heading over this essay as a means of identification. Like the other member quoted on this page Al. knows his horses and is considered one of the very best judges in this or any other country.

Here again we are lucky because big business deals bring Al. to Sydney almost as frequently as the daily train from the Blue Mountains. That suits us. Long may it continue. But, in future, please remember the address is now Murrumbidgee and not Pierce Field.



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THE ONLY ELEVATED SWIMMING POOL IN AUSTRALIA.

Six Wartime Christmases

(By Lieut. Vivian Cox, R.N., in a broadcast over the national network.)

I WANT YOU to come with me to that most amazing of all picture galleries—the memory. This one is a very private picture gallery, and I must sign my own name to every canvas, and if, for that reason, my pictures bore you—all I can do is to ask your pardon—as I find them fascinating. Anyhow, here they are—six of them. I call them “Six Wartime Christmases.” And, since you can’t see them, I want to describe them to you.

First, Christmas, 1939. This is a family scene, set round the fireside of my own home in Bedford, a small county town in the south-east Midlands of England. The war was three months old, and, as I looked on the faces of my family, I could not help wondering what the future held in store. I remember distinctly thanking God that my young brother, then aged 16, would, with any luck, be too young to get caught up into the world madness.

Looking back on the picture now, I can hardly believe that it was this same little boy who became one of the paratroop heroes of Arnhem, swimming back to safety across the lower Rhine, pushing a waterlogged boat, and he with a piece of German mortar bomb in his leg. And my 14-year-old sister, sitting there beside me. Was it possible that before this nightmare would end she would wear the navy blue uniform of the Wrens? The face of my mother, though calm, is full of a great sadness. She knows that this is the end of a chapter. And, in our heart of hearts, we all knew it, too.

Next year I joined the Royal Naval Patrol Service, and the picture of Christmas, 1940, shows me as a rating, an ordinary seaman, in a minesweeping trawler on the forbidding waters of the North Sea. There were 22 of us on board our little vessel. Most of my shipmates had been fishermen in peace-time, and the rough hardships of that winter were nothing new to them. The way in which those bluff, kindly men put up with my ignorance was a thing that I shall never forget. Seamen, I find, are among the most human of human beings.

On Christmas Day, wearing our warmest sweaters and oilskins, with heavy seaboots and thick stockings, we kept alternate four-hour watches and, in between times, answered the action alarms and worked the tough sweep wires, on which the spray froze as it fell. As a matter of interest, most of us seamen, during the 48 hours of that Christmas and Boxing Day, spent 40 hours on deck. But that was the way it was.

We arrived back in Lowestoft, our home port, during the afternoon of Boxing Day. A friend ashore had fixed a small party for three of us at his home. He and his wife and family had kept their Christmas dinner to eat when our minesweeper came in, and they had asked friends in for the evening to play Christmas games and give us all a good time. We ate our dinner and adjourned to the drawing room. And there, I am ashamed to confess, the three of us, sitting side by side on the sofa in front of the fire, fell fast asleep and slept till our hosts shook us and told us it was time to hurry back to our trawler.

And so, to Christmas, 1941. What a contrasting picture! That year I ate my Christmas dinner at the White House in Washington, then the home of the late President Roosevelt. It's a strange world, isn't it? But out of all the thrilling scenes painted in my memory during that Christmas, I want to choose only one—not a very important one, really—but one I shall always carry with me. It was bitterly cold, and the snow lay thick on the parks and pavements. In the White House, it was my duty to look after Mr. Churchill's Map Room.

That morning I had set up in the room a huge map of the Pacific, and late in the evening, when the President and the Prime Minister came in for their last chat before turning in, the new map was the centre of interest. Mr. Churchill asked me to point out a certain place on the map. He pronounced the name in his own typically individual way, and it meant nothing to me the way he said it, I replied that I had never heard of the place.

“Why not?” he said. “You should know all these places. I don't have officers on my staff to say, ‘I don't know.’” He was terrifyingly full of rebuke. Summoning up all my courage, I said, “Sir—I suppose you don't mean . . .”—and I pronounced the name in the way lesser mortals pronounce it. “Of course I do,” he said.

But now he was roused and on his mettle, and for the rest of the evening he gave me an absolute fifth degree of topographical cross-questioning, while Mr. Roosevelt, whose hobby was geography, sat back in his chair with a twinkle in his eye, encouraging me with his enjoyment of the situation. At last the ordeal was over. Mr. Churchill went back to the President's room to have a last word with him, while I squared off the Map Room for the night. Suddenly my door opened and Mr. Churchill came in. “Well, Lieutenant,” he said, “and what do you think of the President?” I was amazed at his question.

Here was a sub-lieutenant, R.N.V.R., almost the lowest form of commissioned life in the Navy, being asked by the Prime Minister of Great Britain what he thought about the President of the United States of America. I mumbled some non-committal platitude about the President's kindness. Mr. Churchill re-

Don't Wash Your Hair WITH SOAP!



There's trouble "ahead" for men who wash their hair with soap. Ordinary soaps contain too much alkali—a harsh chemical that dries the scalp, brittles the hair and retards growth. A quick daily "work-out" with Colinated Foam Shampoo, however,

gives a neat, well-groomed appearance to the most unruly hair. Colinated Foam replaces the natural oils of the scalp lost by exposure to sun, wind and water—makes hair softer, more pliable, easier to comb, and keeps it in place.

Colinated Foam Shampoo

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plied, "What a great mercy for humanity that he was called to his high office at this moment in history."

On this rather formal note I thought he would end. But, in typical way, he suddenly softened. He put one hand on my shoulder. "I am sorry I was so disagreeable with you earlier in the evening," he said, and then was gone. I felt just as I did when I was first given my football colours as a small boy at school. After locking up, I put on my cap and overcoat and literally ran back through the snow to my hotel—my heart pounding like a steam hammer.

And so, to Christmas, 1942. This is the most peaceful scene you could imagine. A magnificent fiord in Northern Iceland, in which we lay in our huge battleship H.M.S. Anson. The cold was biting, but the sea in the fiord was not frozen. Not a ripple could be seen on the glassy surface, except when one of our screening destroyers glided past like a graceful ghost, cutting the silver expanse with her razor sharp bows, leaving only the gentle furrows to mark her passage.

We were all merry that Christmas. The ships' officers, as the naval custom is, walked round the gaily-decorated mess decks during the forenoon, and the Admiral, our own Sir Bruce Fraser, judged the contest for the best-decorated mess to a dead-heat between the boys' mess deck and the stokers'. Darkness comes early in those northern latitudes, and as my friends and I stood in the afternoon on the broad quarter-deck, watching the lights twinkling from the houses of the little fishing village of Akureyri, while the setting sun touched the snowy peaks of the mountains, I remember vividly that we all burst out laughing when a nearby loud speaker told us that Bing Crosby was dreaming of a White Christmas.

Not so peaceful was Christmas, 1943, though the picture is just as vivid. I was in H.M.S. Duke of York, then Flagship of Admiral Fraser, Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet, and during the whole of Christmas Day we were all thrown about the frozen decks by a brutal Arctic gale that turned the inky seas off northern Norway into chilly mountains. Many of us were flung from our bunks during the night, but the speed of the fleet had to be main-

tained, as far away to the north-east were two Allied convoys passing to and from England and north Russia, and it was our job to protect these sheep from the German wolf.

At dawn on Boxing Day we in the Flagship received a signal from our distant cruiser force to say the German battle cruiser Scharnhorst was endeavouring to attack the convoys. The wolf was at large. The rest of the story is now history. But I always carry one picture out of that battle. A portrait this one—of the man whose genius and patience had at last been rewarded—Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser. During the long action he was never worried. He was never shaken, even when, for a moment, it seemed that the Scharnhorst's superior speed might enable her to slip away into the darkness out of range of the Duke of York's

guns. Until the moment when he finally dictated the simple signal to the Admiralty, "Scharnhorst sunk," he was a man of whom one could say, "Well, if we all get killed together—that's the finest end imaginable."

And now for the last picture—Christmas, 1944. The setting, here in Sydney, with all the kindness and hospitality that you have shown to us. You have already had our verbal thanks for that, but the most practical way of saying "Thank you" for us in the British Navy, is to get on as best we can with the job that we have come out here to do.

Did I say that was the last picture? Well, in a way it is. But there is another frame—though the canvas is still blank. The title is on the frame. It reads: "Christmas, 1945." I wonder what that picture will be?

GRENFELL JOCKEY CLUB

(Reg. A.J.C., Affiliated W.D.R.A.)

CUP MEETING

Tuesday and Wednesday,

21st and 22nd August, 1945

Prize Money £450 and Trophy valued £15

First Race each day at 2.15 p.m.

PROGRAMME :

FIRST DAY.

1. **Newmarket Handicap, £80.** Nom. 5/., Accept. 30/.. 6 Furlongs
2. **Maiden Handicap, £10.** Nom. 2/., Accept. 2/.. 5 Furlongs.
3. **Progressive Handicap, £15.** Nom. 2/., Accept. 4/.. 6 Furlongs.
4. **Improvers' Handicap, £10.** Nom. 2/., Accept. 2/.. 5 Furlongs.
5. **Jas. Frazer Memorial Handicap, £90 and Trophy £15.** 7 Furlongs.
Nom. 5/., Accept. 35/..

SECOND DAY.

1. **Flying Welter Handicap, £80.** Nom. 5/., Accept. 30/.. 5 Furlongs.
2. **Second Maiden Handicap, £10.** Nom. 2/., Accept. 2/.. 5 Furlongs.
3. **Second Improvers' Handicap, £10.** Nom. 2/., Accept. 2/.. 6 Furlongs.
4. **Grenfell Calcutta Cup, £130.** Nom. 5/., Accept. 45/.. 7 Furlongs.
5. **Second Progressive Handicap, £15.** Nom. 2/., Accept. 4/.. 6 Furlongs.

CONDITIONS:—A.J.C. and W.D.R.A. Rules. ENTRIES for all Events close 9 p.m. August 13. Liberal rebate allowed to owners.

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Amazing Men of the Sea

W. F. Corbett, in the "Sun."

Last of the Amazing Cavills is Dead — Last of Father and Six Sons, as
Legendary as King Neptune for their Phenomenal Deeds in the Sea.

WORD HAS come through that Sid Cavill died at Oklahoma, U.S.A., at the age of 64. The Cavill traditions, however, are immortal. For 35 years, Sid was swimming instructor to the Olympic Club in San Francisco, the club in which Gentleman Jim Corbett first exhibited his wizardry with the gloves.

No Australian family is comparable with the Cavills for their astonishing performances. Sid won N.S.W., Australasian, and United States swimming titles, and it was merely exercise for him to swim in the dangerous waters around Seal Rocks, outside San Francisco Harbour.

The Cavills were born swimmers—they could "crawl," you might say, as soon as they were placed in the cradle. The Homeric tale begins with their father, who died at a venerable age. Champion of Engand, he swam the Channel from the Calais side, under conditions that would have overwhelmed many another venturesome soul. Part of the way across, his big arms, cleaving through the sea, took him through a midnight storm when the captain of a French vessel pleaded with him to leave the water. But he resolutely declined and, as they neared the English coast, the vessel grated on the Channel floor and old man Cavill kept on swimming until he, too, could progress no further in the shallow water, so stood up and dramatically walked ashore at Dover.

That wild night his celebrated son "Tums" was born. "Tums" acquired that nickname because of his habit of biting his thumbs when he was an infant. Poor "Tums" came to his end when, physically unfit, he tried to swim across icy Seattle Harbour in 1914 and was frozen to death.

There is another novel memory of "Tums" Cavill. He swam a wide American river with his hands and feet bound. Sea birds pecked at his head and he had to struggle like a contortionist to prevent them from blinding him.

The eldest son Ernie won practically every swimming championship in which he competed in the days when there were big side wagers on

swimming races. Another son, Charlie, died tragically. He was giving displays of endurance by remaining under water in a diving-bell in baths at Stockton, California. But the baths were situated above a natural oil well, of the existence of which nobody was aware. Fumes rose into the bell, and after eight minutes had elapsed the bell was raised. Charlie was dead.

Percy Cavill was another extraordinary character. He discovered the Australian aviatrix, Mrs. Keith Miller, when she was forced down in her plane in the Bahamas. One time he was trapped on a small island in a hurricane, but swam through a raging sea to safety. This man was like the type you see in the movies of the oceans and the lonely islands. He even engaged in rum-running, was a beachcomber, sold shell and coral specimens to tourists, discovered the wreck of a Spanish galleon, built boats, tried to sponge-growing industry. In the Bahamas the natives still talk with awe of Percy Cavill and relate the wondrous tales of his life. Dick Cavill was another unique character. Dick was the first man to break the minute for a 100-yards swim, and when the story was cabled around the world, people received it sceptically, for less than a minute for 100 yards in those days was terrific water speed indeed.

In 1908, when America's great White Fleet came to Sydney, Dick proposed to dive from the Gap brink, but the police prohibited the sensational act. Dick would have done it, never fear. The blood of the doughty Vikings must have coursed in the veins of all the Cavills.

AUSSIE LAND.

This is the land down under

Where things work in reverse,
And you're apt to make a blunder
In ways that I'll rehearse.

Where winter comes in summer
And spring appears in fall,
Don't ever ask for "spirits"
The military's got it all.

Where a cobbler is a "buddy"
And a streetcar is a "tram,"
Where the favourite word is "bloody"
And it's equal to our "damn."

Where a druggist is a "chemist"
And a tavern is a "pub"
Where a "smoogie" is a kiss
And the women call you "love."

Where they always say "fair dinkum"
When they mean a thing's "O.K."
Where they say "'twill be a fortnight"
When they mean two weeks away.

In the language of the Aussies,
A Yank's a "bonzer bloke"
If he reaches in his pocket,
And says "Digger have a smoke."

A "Digger" is a soldier
And he drinks his beer from kegs;
I guess I haven't told you,
That they all eat "stike and eggs."

Where a stranger must be careful
For his life's in dangerous plight
And to add to his confusion
What should be left is right.

Where a pleasant surprise awaits you
Though astonishing it might be
They'll give you a seven-course dinner
When they ask you in for tea.

Roughly, that's the land down under,
Please don't misunderstand;
But you're apt to make a blunder
When you come to Aussieland.

—Norman Horn in a Seattle newspaper.

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HAIR RESTORER

Skill and Judgment in Racehorse Training

(By John Loder.)

Good horses, many say, make good trainers, and it has doubtless been the making of Mr. Walter Nightingall's reputation as a trainer that he has had the opportunity in the last few years of training the many good horses that Miss Dorothy Paget breeds and buys. But if it has been Nightingall's great good fortune to have had such opportunities it has no less certainly been Miss Paget's greater good fortune that her horses chanced to come into Mr. Nightingall's charge.

Miss Paget has not exclusive command of Nightingall's services, though I suppose she must own rather more than half of the 68 horses in the South Hatch stable. Sixty-eight horses are more than any other trainer in England or in Ireland has to be responsible for this year. Some people would assert that such a number of horses is far more than any one trainer can possibly deal with efficiently, or hold any personal responsibility for individually. With upwards of 60 horses in a stable it is argued that even if the horses occupied only five minutes each of a trainer's time in the day at stables it would amount to upwards of five hours, apart from time spent in supervising work on the training-ground and attending to the multi-

farious administrative duties and correspondence inseparable from the supervision of so large a racing stable.

About 25 horses, one would imagine, theoretically, to be as many as any trainer could handle with absolute efficiency. Mr. Fred Darling, for instance, this year is training 26 and Mr. Lawson 22. But there can clearly be no hard and fast rule about it, for it becomes every season more obvious that Nightingall's many horses are all excellently trained.

It has long been fashionable to talk of the "Beckhampton bloom" in reference to the splendid condition and excellently-groomed appearance, when coming on to the racecourse, of the horses that Mr. Fred Darling trains. Some similar phrase needs to be coined involving Mr. Nightingall's name, for no horses nowadays appear on the racecourse more admirable in condition and appearance than those from his stable. It is not only his top-notchers to which I refer (though I have the vividest recollection of the simple exquisite appearance and perfectly-trained condition of Straight Deal when he was really matured in the late summer of 1943); but all Nightingall's horses impress by their appearance—even his hurdlers during the winter have singled them-

selves out for admiration on their appearance in the parade ring.

Getting a horse fit for a certain race, the timing of a preparation, is, however, to a considerable degree just stablecraft, and any intelligent stableman, with experience, might be expected to be able to accomplish that reasonably well. No trainer is a magician. In preparing a horse for a certain race the trainer's part is at bottom simply the process of assisting nature. It is precisely in the matter of summing up the different natures of the individuals in his care that the real genius of the trainer is enabled to manifest itself; in deciding which ones will come to hand early, which will need time, and then the distance and the sort of course that will be best adapted to the natural powers of individual horses.

I incline to the view that it is not how a trainer fares with the good horses that come under his care but how well he does with the bad ones that really gives us the measure of a trainer's genius. The really good horse "comes himself" as they say, and often does well in spite of his trainer, not because of him. For instance, Sceptre won four of the five classic races in 1902, and yet, so the old-timers tell me, she was shockingly badly trained.

GOT THAT DONT-WANT-TO-WORK-FEELING?

Check up on yourself

- ☐ Do you tire easily—feel "ALL-IN"?
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- ☐ No appetite or desire for food?
- ☐ Suffer with skin blemishes, pimples?
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RACING FIXTURES — 1945

AUGUST.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat., 4th
Sydney Turf Club Saturday, 11th
Sydney Turf Club Saturday, 18th
Red Cross Meeting (Randwick)
Saturday, 25th

SEPTEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club Saturday, 1st
Tattersall's **Saturday, 8th**
Rosehill Saturday, 15th
Hawkesbury Saturday, 22nd
A.J.C. Saturday, 29th

OCTOBER.

A.J.C. Saturday, 6th
A.J.C. Saturday, 13th

OCTOBER—Continued.

City Tattersall's Saturday, 20th
Rosebery Saturday, 27th

NOVEMBER.

Rosehill Saturday, 3rd
Sydney Turf Club Saturday, 10th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat., 17th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat., 24th

DECEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club Saturday, 1st
Sydney Turf Club Saturday, 8th
Sydney Turf Club Saturday, 15th
A.J.C. Saturday, 22nd
A.J.C. Wednesday, 26th
Tattersall's **Saturday, 29th**

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THE OLD MILESTONE—MACQUARIE PLACE



THE heart of anything is that vital place whence springs life . . . and from which growth and development evolve, and in Macquarie Place, the first starting point for the roads from Sydney, we have the nucleus of our progress—the living centre.

A small oasis in a commercial melting pot, Macquarie Place measures only 1 rood and 21 perches in area. This triangular plot, bounded by Loftus and Bridge Streets and Macquarie Place, though one of Syd-

ney's smallest public reserves is by no means the least important, for it was one of the earliest pieces of land to be set aside for a definite purpose.

During the early period of his Governorship, Lachlan Macquarie sought to bring some semblance of order out of the chaos of the Colony and so planned a radiating point for its roads. With admirable taste he selected a site closely adjacent to Capt. Phillip's first encampment and the first canvas Government House. In Governor Macquarie's honour the spot was named Macquarie Place, and in Macquarie Place was set up the Obelisk or Milestone which still stands today.

Lachlan Macquarie—the builder—came to the Colony in 1810 shortly after the Bligh rebellion and the deposition of Governor Bligh. To impress on the population the fact that mutiny and irregular government were at an end and the rule of law restored, Macquarie had his commission as Governor read publicly with all due ceremony and solemnity and in the evening there were bonfires and other illuminations. The impression made was good and from that time forward "due form and solemnity" accompanied the Governor's movements.

New South Wales owes much to Lachlan Macquarie for it was he who planned and built, who fostered the architectural genius of Greenway, still visible today in St. James' Church, the old Convict Barracks in Macquarie Street and in many other buildings. It was Lachlan Macquarie who gave our streets regular and permanent names; he who pioneered the ultimate plan of our city, created the reserve which he named Hyde Park; he who set aside as a common for grazing, the land which is now Centennial Park.

In addition to his flair for construction, Macquarie added a list of public works which occupy over 17 pages of the "Historical Records of Australia."

Foibles he had and mistakes he made, but these were far outweighed by the excellence of his rule and his clear-cut determination to make New South Wales a model reformatory and in good time free and self-supporting.

Recalled to London, a disappointed and disillusioned man, following on an encounter with Mr. Commissioner Bigge, an Imperial Government representative, Lachlan Macquarie lived quietly there until his death in 1824.

The Milestone, or more rightly named the Obelisk, in Macquarie Place, still bears his name and records that all public roads leading to the interior of the colony are measured from it.

The length of the principal roads as recorded in 1818 are illuminating . . . To Bathurst 137 miles. From Sydney to Windsor 35½ miles. To Liverpool 20 miles. To Parramatta 15½ miles. To South Head Macquarie Tower 7 miles. To North Head Botany Bay 14 miles.

Compared with the vast length of our roads today, these figures sound paltry but provide a striking contrast to the size and extent of the Colony 127 years ago . . .

It is of interest to remark that to Macquarie's credit lies the formation of 5 turnpike roads (80 miles) and 9 other carriage roads (196 miles)—no mean achievement in the then new and wild colony.

Macquarie Place, in the earlier days of New South Wales,

presented a vastly different scene from that of today. The late Dean Cooper, in his "Autobiography and Reminiscences" based, it is thought, on the period about 1830-1840, says—"What a different appearance did Macquarie Place present! Then, turning out of Bridge Street to the left the first building was the large stone-built house of Mr. Simeon Lord with his stores and counting house adjoining.

Next door was Mr. Uther's beaver-hat manufactory. Adjoining this was the Parsonage House and next to it the counting house and stores of Merchant Brown with the Reiby Cottage terminating the row. Mr. Cox, the blacksmith, lived in the cottage some distance nearer the Cove."

A very different scene indeed!

And what of the streets nearby the focal point—the Milestone—from which the thoroughfares of the Colony commenced.

O'Connell Street was a choice residential area wherein the first Colonial Treasurer, Mr. William Balcombe, had his home and office. Hunter Street contained the "wattle and daub" church built by Reverend Richard Johnstone. Bridge Street conjures up an image of the old bridge over the Tank Stream and Pitt Street, formerly known as Pitt Row, was the oldest named thoroughfare in Australia.

Adjoining the Old Milestone in Macquarie Place a memorable event took place in 1857 when the Governor of the period, Sir William Denison, officially opened the Sydney Exchange—now the Royal Exchange—and at the same time inaugurated the first telegraphic service in New South Wales, the telegraph office being situated in a corner of the building.

The charges for those early telegrams were Sydney-South Head 10 words, 1/-d.; Sydney-Liverpool 10 words, 2/-d., and South Head-Liverpool 10 words, 2/6d.

Close by the Old Milestone lies also the anchor from the ship "Sirius"—Capt. Phillip's ship—which after an adventurous career finally was wrecked in the vicinity of Norfolk Island.

It seems very fitting also that, just across Bridge Street, there should stand now the Lands Office whose ramifications extend throughout the length and breadth of a State undreamed of when those "principal roads" were measured from that Obelisk in 1818.

It is also fitting that of the twelve statues that stand in their niches on the Bridge Street facade, ten of them are explorers—men who played an important part in opening up the then virgin country through which our miles of roads today form a link with neighbouring States.

Though our first Town Surveyor and Colonial Architect, Mortimer H. Lewis, attempted, about 1830, to plan for a straightening out of our city's streets, many circumstances made his task so difficult as to be practically impossible, and so even today the shape of our first straggling settlement is perpetuated in our twisting streets and laneways. And perhaps because of that, there is an inescapable atmosphere in Sydney—in these very same steep and narrow streets with their bush-track ancestry—for surging against the steel and concrete of modern architecture, they proceed as whimsically as they did when they followed the undulations of the rocky foreshores of the harbour and thrust inland through dense undergrowth and tall trees.

And so, sentinel and origin of our roads—the life-lines of our State—stands the old Obelisk in Macquarie Place, watching, as it were, the progress of her offspring on their long and winding ways, whilst in perpetual memory of a great Governor and builder are the words engraven in the stone "This obelisk was erected in Macquarie Place A.D. 1818, to record that all the public roads leading to the interior of the Colony are measured from it. L. Macquarie Esq., Governor."



Governor Lachlan Macquarie.

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